## RALEIGH. N. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1870.

## Weekly Standard

WM. A. SMITH & CO. PROPRIETORS.

Poetry.

God Knows it All.

In the dim recess of the spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayest not tell.
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye who sees and knows it wellGod knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation.

And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails

Oh! think smid the waves of tribulation,

When earthly hope, when earthly refuge falls
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy deeds of shame concealing In some dark spot no human eye can see— Then walk in pride without one sign revealin The deep remorse that should diaquiet thee-God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted, The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed, And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength im-

no friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid!" God knows it all! Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing For one so early lost to earth and thee— The depth of grief no human spirit knowing, Which means in secret like the meaning see God knows it all !

ard, and tremble for thy inture lot Thy tear of penitence is unforget— God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your heart belo There is no grief your Father cannot feel;

## A Princely Fortune!

HOW I INHEHITED IT, AND HOW I WAS RODBER

OF THE BULK OF IT. That was my fortune. There is no dream no romance. I set down the simple truth, strange as it may appear to many. During a portion of my life that was my incomea million sterling per minute -- secured to me by papers in my own hands. Never had I conceived of so much wealth as those papers entitled me to, and even as I read then I did not believe in their reality. They were real, nevertheless. So was the fortune. So I am persuaded now, were the circumsta ces, romantic as they seem, under which I

The money came to me under the will of old Rodney Gauntlett. Everybody in the city knew him in his lifetime-knew him as a shrewd, active, hot tempered man, and called him "old," while he was yet in his prime. As far as my incmory looks back, he justified the epithet. He looked old, withered, and dried up, yet there was plenty of life in him, as those found who crossed his path or tried to overreach him in business transactions that took him every day into the chief places of resort in the city. burnt under frost white brows, and when contradicted and opposed, the purple blood would rush into his ca

At ordinary times he was mild and gentle except that he was always absorbed in business, he might have been kind and tender. To me helisometimes was so. If he ever unbent, it was to his little Julie as he called me, and that was more often, I think, when I had grown out of my childhood and be came a woman; and so more of a companion to him. In my younger life I remember fancying that he avoided, and even regarded me with dislike. It might have been so. There was no apparent reason why he should regard me in any other light. I was only

old friend—one Colonel Anthony Wyvern—whom he had adopted out of charity.

Having so adopted me, he did his duty by me. All admitted that; the praise of him in that particular rang as a ceaseless peean in his ears, and in mine. And I was daily bidden to take note how good he was, how loving and how generous; and what infinite return, by way of goodness, gratitude, decility, perseverance, and I know not what other virtues, all this demanded at my hands. I am afraid I sometimes wished h had been less to me, so that there might have been some hope of my being to hin what it was declared my duty to become,

I tried my best, however; and he, I be lieve, was satisfied. Our home was an ole one that had held its own in the city when the city had even its palaces. But in the long course of time it had yielded, foot by foot, to encroachment on all sides, until it was fairly bricked in, and utterly lost to public gaze. It could only be reached by means of a passage through another house, which had planted its great broad back right in front of our windows, and so ob-structed our view and shut out our light. This want of light is what I always most severely feit; for the rooms were large, lofty, and proportionately gloomy; and there was one with a painted ceiting that I dared not enter; for the figures, gaunt and writhing, always seemed alive up there in the gloom, and haunted even my dreams.

Old Rodsey Gauntlett's own rooms were on the ground floor, they were like dungeons, but he never saw them so. All the year round be breakfasted and dined by candle light-yellow wax lights, in old plantlet were always and content were always. ted candelabra, red and copper, were always lit for him night and morning. That was his fancy, and, like all other habits, had taken

by the way, was domestic, housekeeper, nurse, and general servant in one. She was as old as her master. Thin, white locks peeped out from under her mob cap, bound peeped out from under her mab cap, bound round with a black ribbon, and shone like silver. Her skin was yellow and wrinkled; her hands suggested claws, they were so hard and fleshless. But she had an eye bright and true as a hawk's; it defied age. Bridget was my good friend and almost sole com-panion. If I could have wished her other panion. If I could have wished her other than she was, it would have been in respect of her sense of Rodney Gauntlett's goodness to me, and of the hard measure of gratitude she thought proper to exact from my unhap-pself in return. In this respect she was unflinching. I was never suffered to forget that I subsisted on charity, or that persons so circumstanced had no rights-they had

only duties.

As I was saying, our rooms were up stairs, they were three in number, and formed the whole of the second floor. My share comprised a very large bed-room, that had been a reception room in the old times, and a smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridg-ct's chamber was outside mine, her door close to the top of the great staircase; so

close to the top of the great staircase; so that, sleeping there, she in a manner, kept watch and ward over me.

The smaller room in which I lived was like a borrowed room from the last century. It was wainscoted and had a mantelpiece carved over with cupids, engaged in festooning heavy wreaths about it. Above, there was an oval glass slanting forward so that it reflected all below it, only a fraction of its surface being hidden by a small clock, on surface being hidden by a small clock, on which it appeared to rest. The furniture was in keeping; tables with carved legs and brass handles and fittings; chairs with oval backs and striped moreen cushions; escri-toirs with drawers, and Indian jars—all these were conspicuous. But most conspicuous of all was a Japanese cabinet, very large and cumbrous, black as chony, with quaint figures in gold and dead colors, in slight re-lief. It must once have been very costly, but now out of repair, and was only used as

a receptacle for papers. I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney Gauntlett's, who afterwards came often to the house, far oftener than I cared to see him. I recall that visit like a dream. I seem to see myself, a pale, slim girl, with hair of a reddish line, so thick that it will never keep its place in any knot into which I twist it, but it is always hanging about my I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney ing, and I am close to the window, straining my eyes over a book in the failing light, ing my eyes over a book in the failing light. The book touched me deeply, and I am conscious that my eyelids are red and that conscious that my eyelids are red and that the first for the hour—one; the land studied the rat," was the somewhat there are tests on my checks. While are there are tears on my cheeks. While am second, two.

thus absorbed the door opens, and Bridget enters, bearing in her hand one of the old plated candelabra with wax lights flaring in it, and so preceding two other persons. One was Rodney Gauntlett himself; the other a stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered man, with olive face, black eyes, and shining white teeth. As I give a scared look, and toss back my cumbrous hair, it is Mr. Gaunt-lett who says, pointing to the stranger, "Mr. Hugh Dinsdale, my dear, an esteemed friend of mine," Wholly unused to visitors, I am confused, but mutter something to the purpose, and am conscious of having my hand squeezed in a broad palm, and held there a trifle—only a trifle—longer than I felt to be necessary. The memory of what follows is

nade up of three incidents. The impression that Mr. Gauntlett is gayer and brighter than I had ever seen before; that Mr. Hugh is embarrassingly polite; and this further, that whenever I catch his eyes wandering, it is always in the direction of the Japanese cabinet, which appears to have a strange discinution for him That night's introduction was, as I hav

said, followed by many visits on the part of Mr. Dinsdale. It was not long before he declared himself my devoted admirer, and begged me to regard him as a suitor for my hand. My patron, too, hinted as delicately as he could that such an arrangement would as he could that such an arrangement would be gratifying to him. As for Bridget, she declared him to be the finest gentleman in the world and was perpetually regarding me with her head on one side and her hands raised in a sort of ectacy of admiration at my good fortune.

But I received men county in come not like him; his coming chilled my heart. The touch of his hand distressed me so that I decembed of it in the night and wake un

dreamed of it in the night, and woke up

with a shudder,
Still he came and came. I had a su picion that he knew how I loathed him, and ploried in his power to inflict the torture of is presence on me; gloried still more i esting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by show ing how happy I can make you?"
"I am very happy," would be my cold reply.
"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only

realize the future I have planned!"
"The present amply contents me." At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly angry with me. Whenever we met his words were harsh, and his looks threatening. I could not endure this, and in one passion ate outburst bade him begone, and troubl

"I will never be your wife," I said. ill die. I hate you. Leave me." He obeyed; but there was a malignar glitter in his eye as he strode out of the room; and I saw that he bit his thin lips to bleeding to keep in the words with which he would have cursed me. For more than a mouth I saw him no more. This might have surprised me; but during the part of that time I had no leisure to give a thought to him. My benefactor was taken ill. was the winter time, and he was seized with slight cold, of which he took no heed until inflammation followed; and was soon really ill. Even then he would not deem himself an invalid, would not see a doctor, or give up his daily pursuits.
Within a week he was worn to a shadow

his eyes sank, his shoulders rounded, and : cough tore gercely at his lungs. I was terrified; but lie only laughed at my fears, and declared that he would soon be better. On the eighth night of his illness I sat late in my room; I could hear him coughing below; but Bridget brought a message that he was busy over his papers, and did not care to be intruded on. Having given this message, and assured me had all he could need for the night, she had gone to bed. I was wretched, for I felt certain he was very ill and needed advice. Sitting there over the dying embers, I half persuaded myself to go to him, in spite of his message and entreat him to comply with my wishes in this respect. But he was not a man whose will was to be thwarted, who was one to remain a some one who had influence over him. One name only suggested itself—the hateful name of Hugh Dinsdale. At the bare suggestion

of it I cowered over the grate with a shud-der, but it seemed to act as a spell; under its influence thoughts crowded upon me, and my mind grew morbidly actively, and soon I was almost lost to consciousness in the bewildering perplexities of my

reflections.

For an hour I might have broaded thus.

When I at length started, as out of a vision, When I at length started, as out of a vision, I was conscious of a chillness and of its being very late. I put my hand to my waist for my watch. It wanted three minutes of two. Was that right by the clock on the mantel piece? I asked myself. Instinctively I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflected me as I sat. I saw my own two and figure and I say more. There was face and figure, and I saw more. There was another face looking over my shoulders-

another figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably, I saw my benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing there, and bending over me with a strange, pitying look in his face. "You here, sir." I cried, turning round rightened I know not why.

There was no answer. I half rose.
"As I did so, the form receded from me It went slowly, with the shuffling gait of an enfeebled man. The face was toward me, even when there was the width of the room between us. Then it turned toward the Japanese cabinet, and I saw an uplifted followed. The movement was so natural, so real, that it scared away the tears which.

were beginning to paralyze me.

"Speak to me sir!" I cried out, stepping forward as I spoke, "or if you are ill—"

The finger was raised again, this time as if to silence me. Then the face half turned. I could catch the expression of the eyes, and followed them. They seemed to single out a spot-a resched in the flower pattern of the cabinet-and then the pointing fin-

the pressure of the finger tip.

I saw it sink and spring back to its place Then almost instantly, a long and narrow panel fell out and dropped on the ground. "You wish to show me the secret of this?"

"You wish to show me the secret of this?"
I gasped, looked up from the spot where the panel lay. To my surprise I addressed vacancy. The figure was gone.

My alarm was intense. Had I seen the ghost of Rodney Gauntlet? My conviction was that I had. Yet the finger tast touched the spring, the rosebud had yielded and there was the result before me? Could spirit have done that? If so, for what purpose? While more dead than alive, I asked of myself this second question, my eyes in. of myself this second question, my eyes in-voluntarily turned toward that part of the cabinet from which the panel had drapped. A small aperture had been laid bare, evidently a small recess; and what it contained

was clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Here again was something real and tangi ble. It helped me to fight against that what I had seen was supernatural, though my frame shook with the terror of a ghostly visitation. With a tremulous hand I snatch ed at the paper and tore it open. Casting my eyes hurriedly over it I saw it was a wil -Rodney Gauntlett's will. Through a mass of blurred letters I gathered by means of it, that he revowed all former wills; and then lighted on these words, glowing as they seemed in letters of fire: "-all my real and personal estate, amounting at this present writing to three millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, otherwise known and designed by me as Julia Wyvern, my own true

and lawful daughter "
I could read no more. The words swam before my eyes.

What? Was I Rodney Gauntlett's own
child? Was it a fiction that he had reared
me out of the love he bore for his old friend?
What mystery was here? What could have

the reality of all was the cracking and the box under your and the paper I grasped in my hand. That was paper I grasped in my hand. That was inside that was in the building."

At what hour of the day or night do "At what hour of the

As the last echo died away, I glanced again at the will. In the act of doing so and stooping my head for the purpose, I suddenly fell heavily forward, with a crashing sound in my ears. A blow had been dealt from behind, by an unseen hand, and under the force of it I dropped, bleeding and senseless.

More than a week had elapsed before the sense of life returned to me. I was in my own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was bending over me. Pain racked my brow, and I was conscious of having suffered intensely. It was some before I was permit ted to ask questions, or to receive informa-Briget gratified my coriosity to some .:

She informed me that my patron, Redney Gauntiett, had died on the night to which I have alluded, at three minutes to two, as nearly as Bridget could calculate, she be then the only person in the house except myself. Her reason for fixing the hour wa that at three minutes to two-the time a which the house clock gave warning - she being startled by a strange noise, had go into his room only to find him dead in hi chair. While there, a sound overhead ap-prised her of my fall, at the same moment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing up stairs she found me on the floor where I had fallen, as she supposed, in hurrying to the head bleeding.
At this stage I interrupted her with tw

on in the house besides ourselver. She we quite certain. Did she observe anythin peculiar about the Japenese cabinet or s

any paper on the floor? No. Three answers startled me. It was hare to believe that I had been dreaming, an yet was it not more probable than that all of which I seemed to have a remembrance should really have happened? The appearance rition, the will, the enormous fortune, th disclosure of my relationship to Gauntlett the bratal attack by which I was overpowered-who would believe in the reality of these things? How could I believe in the reality of them myself? It was well night impossible; yet it had all been so real, so terribly real, to me that I could not forego belief in it without a struggle. However, I kept my own counsel. I said

nothing to Bridget, nothing to the doctor when he came. In time I formed this further resolution-I would say nothing unless my apression received confirmation through subsequent events. On such confirmation did they receive—it was a very startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's will came be read, it was found that his fortune ex ceeded all belief. He had been money gru bing and speculating all his life, but no one suspected that he had died worth three millions of money. His will disclosed that fact for the first time. When I heard the words I fainted. Here was a corroboration of what I had discovered in my dream, of whatever it was, so strong that it utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read it in the paper I took from the Japanese cabinet how could I have thought of that sum Such a thing was beyond coincidence; and when I came to myself I eagerly demanded and one glance dispelled my illusions. It was not written on the paper I had seen, and it contained no mention of my relationship to the testator. My name was there, only for an annuity of three hundred

slice falling to the share of the man I detes-ted and rejected, Hugh Dinsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old house. All I had related had become a thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh Directale bad cone I knew not where, to nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and enjoying a simple country life, over which the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the process of time I had almost persuaded myelf out of the reality of what I had lone

tune was left in other ways, a very large

I was returning home from a long walk. Tired and anxious to reach my cottage be-fore dark, I took a short cut through a field adjoining a farm. In that field were several stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed these I saw, that a group of persons, evidently from the farm itself, were bending over some object lying upon the ground. My curiosity As they moved aside, on my drawing near, I saw that it was a man who was the object of their attention, a squalid man in the rags of a beggar. He was ill haggard, starving, yet I could not mistake

that face.
"Hugh Dinsdale!" I exclaimed aloud. He shuddered as he lay, then looked up, feebly shading his eyes with a tremulous hand. Too weak to speak aloud, it was only by drawing my car toward his mouth

that he could make me understand what he had to say. It took this form:

"Julia Gauntlett, for that is your true, right name, I robbed you of all. I did it.— Yes, yes; no need to hide it now. I knew Gauntlett's last will was hidden in that cabmet, knew it from the past; knew its purport, and strove to make you mine in consequence. Had you consented, we should have shared the old man's millions, you and L You rejected me and I had recourse to other means to get the latter will destroyed, so that I might benefit by a former will, un-der which I was entitled. I was in the house der wnich I was entitled. I was in the nouse when he died, his life was shortened by my means. I passed from his, room to yours, when I had made sure of the old will that, left me so much. I came upon you as you read the will you had found, the true will, in which he had acknowledged you as his child, and left you all. It was I who struck

you down and secured that paper. I sweer to you that this is the truin."
"But tell me," I cried, "what do you know of my father's motive in disowning me, and f my mother-"

"Destroyed. Consumed in the flames.— The fortune can never be yours."

These were the last words, spoken with his ger went straight to that spot.
Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under stiffening lips, and they were true. Without the will it was impossible for me to gain one penny more of my father's princely fortune than I now enjoy. The wealth he had designed a recompense for the wrong he had done me, Heaven knows why, had flowed

done me, Heaven knows why, had flowed away into other channels and could never be recovered. I had held the right to it for the minutes only, from the moment of his deam, that in which he had appeared to me, until the villians hand had snatched it away. Only for three minutes out of a whole lifetime; but during that space my income exceeded that of any retentale in the world. coeded that of any potentate in the world.— It was at the rate of a million a minute.

RAT-CATCHERS,-There are professi destrayers of vermin who contract by the month or quarter to remove rats, inice, and roaches from hotols, restaurants, etc. Some roaches from hotols, restaurants, etc. Some hunters of small deer also furnish live rats in large numbers, within twenty-four hours from order, for the exhibitions of dog pits. They do not keep the rats on hand, but catch them as required. It is generally oelieved, and is perhaps true, that they use some buit or attracting scent in trapping some buit or attracting scent in trapping the vermin. Such is not, however, the ex-planation as the writer heard it from the ips of one of the most skilled in this vo-

"I never use bait or drugs. I have studied the animal." Here he drew himself up in the consciousness of superior knowledge, and proceeded with a lofty air. "No man that understands the rat needs such things; nor are fancy rat-traps of any account. Look at a rat's nest! It is hid behind a Look at a rat's nest! It is hid behind a wall. It is near a chimney or a heat flue so that it is kept warm. It is lined with soft stuff-rags hair, lint torn paper. Would you catch rats! Make a nest for them. Use a box having a sliding door to a small aperture. Put rags in the box, or sawdust, or both, and leave it in the warmest part of a room that the rats frequent. est part of a room that the rats frequent, covered with an old carpet, the aperture left

Charles Dicken's Will—Copy of the Last will of the Late Novelist—His Propunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

G. Holsworth, 26 Wellington street, erty Less than \$400,000.

[From the London Daily News.] The following is a copy of the will of the late Charles Dickens, extracted from principal registry of her Majesty's Court

I, Charles Dickens, of Gadshill place Higham, in the County of Kent, hereby re voke all my former wills and codicils, and leclare this to be my last will and te declare this to be my last will and testament. I give the sum of one thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, to Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, late of Haughton place, Ampthill square, in the County of Middlesex. I give the sum of nineteen guineas to my faithful old servant, Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I give the sum of every domestic servant, male and temale every domestic servant, male and temale who shall be in my employ at the time o my decease, and shall have been in my employment for a not less period of time that one year. I give the sum of one thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, to my daughter Mary Dickens. I also give to my daughter Mary, an annuity of three hundred pounds a year during her life, if she shall so loss

that case only, my said daughter shall share with my other children in the provision hereinafter made for them. I give to my dear sister-in-law, Georgiana Hogarth, the sum of eight thousand pounds, free of legacy duty. I also give to the said Geor-gina Hogarth all my personal jewelry not hereinafter mentioned, and all the little fahereinafter mentioned, and all the little fa-miliar objects from my writing table and my room, and she will know what to do with those things. I also give to the said Georgina Hogarth all my private papers whatsoever and wheresoever, and I leave her my grateful blessing, as the best and truest friend man ever had. I give to my eldest son Charles my library of printed books, and my engravings and prints. I also give to my said son Charles the silver salvar presented to me at Birminghum, and the presented to me at Birmingham, and the silver cup presented to me at Edinburgh, and my shirt-studs, shirt pins, and slee buttons; and I bequeath unto my said son Charles and my son Henry Fielding Dickens the sum of £8,000 upon trust to invest the same, and from time to time to vary the investments thereof, and to pay the annual income thereof to my wife during her life, and after her decease the said sum of £8,000 and the investments thereof shall be in trust ter Mary to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who, being a son or sons, shall have attained or shall attain the age of 21 years, or, being a daughter or daughters, shall have attained or shall attain that age, or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one. I give my watch, (the gold repeater presented to me at Coventry), and I give the chains and seals, and all appendages I have worn with it, to my dear and trusty friend John Foster, of Palace Gate House, Kensigton, in the County of Middlesex aforesaid. And I also give to the said John Forster such manu-

And I devise and bequeath all my real and personal estate except such as is vested in me as a trustee or mortgagee) unto the said Georgina Hogarth and the said John For-ster, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns respectively, upon trust, that they, the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, or the survivor of them, or the exe-cutors or administrators of such survivor, do and shall at their, his, or her uncontroll ed and irresponsible direction, either pro-ceed to an immediate sale or conversion into money of the said real and personal state until such times as they, ne, or sne, shall think fit, and in the meantime may manage and let the said real and personal estate (inand let the said real and personal estate (in-cluding my copyrights) in such manner in all respects as I myself could do if I were living and acting therein. It being my in-tention that the trustees or trustee for the time being of this my will shall have the fullest power over the said real and personal estate which I can give to them, him or her.

And I declare that until the said real and personal estate shall be sold and converted nto money, the rents and annual income thereof respectively shall be paid and ap thereof respectively shall be paid and ap-plied to the person or persons in the manner and for the purposes to whom and for which the annual mecome of the moneys to arise from the sale or conversion thereof into money would be payable or applicable under this my last will, in case the same were sold or converted into money; and I declare that my real estate shall, for the purposes of this my will be considered as converted into personalty upon my de-cease; and I declare that the said trustees or trustee for the time being do and shall, or trustee for the time being do and shall, with and out of the moneys which shall come to their, his, or her hands under or by virtue of this my will and the trusts thereof

pay my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses and legacies. And I declare that he said trust funds, or so much thereof as shall remain after answering the purpose aforesaid, and the annual income thereof, shall be in trust for all my children (but subshall be in trust for an adversarial pect, as to my daughter Mary, to the proviso hereinbefore contained.) who, being a son or sons, shall have attained or shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and being a daughter or daughters shall have attained or shall attain that age or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one—provided, alequin sinites ways that, as regards my copyrights and the produce and profits thereof, my said daughter Mary, notwithstanding the proviso hereinbefore contained with reference to her shall share with my other children therein whether she be married or not; and I devise the estates vested in me at my decease as a trustee or n ortgagee unto the use of the said Georgiana Hogarth and John Foster, their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts, and subject to the equities affecting the same respectively; and I appoint the said Georgiana Hogarth and John Forster, executrix and executor of this my will, and guardians of the persons of my children, during their respective minorities; and lastly, as I have now set down the form of words which my legal advisors assure me are necessary to the plain the estates vested in me at my decease as a

advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of this, my will. I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be wanting in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well that she has been through all the stages of their growth and progress, their ever useful, selt denying, and devoted friend. And I desire here simply to record that my wife since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of six hundred pounds; while all income of six hundred pounds; while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself. I emphasically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public an nouncement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost, not more than three plain mourning coaches be emmy burial, that at the utmost, not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funcial wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb without the addition of "Mr." or "Esquire." I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my

testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me; in addition thereto I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testameat in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dickens, the testator, have to this my last will covered with an old carpet, the aperture self covered with an old carpet, the aperture self covered with an old carpet, the aperture self in witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things are thus left the better. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dick-longer things ar

Signed, published, and declared by the above named Charles Dickens, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us (present together at the same time) who in his presence, at his request,

HENRY WALKER, 26 Wellington street, It charles Dickens, of Gadshill place, near Rochester, in the County of Kent, Esquire, declare this to be a codicil to my last will and testament, which will bears date the twelfth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine. I give to my son Charles Dickers have been supported by the company of the control of Charles Dickens the younger all my share and interest in the weekly journal called All the Year Round, which is now conducted under articles of partnership made between me and William Henry Wills and the said Charles Dickens the younger and all my share and interest in the stereo types, stock, and other effects belonging to the said partnership, he defraying my share of all debts and liabilities of the said part-nership which may be outstanding at the time of my leaves and its list. time of my decease, and in all other respects
I confirm my said will. In witness whereof
I have hereunto set my band the second day

of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

Charles Dickers.

Signed and declared by the said Charles Dickers, the testator, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us (present at the same time) who at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses.

G. Holdsworth, 26 Weilington street. G. Holdsworth, 26 Wellington street

July, 1870, by the oath of Georgina Hogarth, spinster, and John Forster, Esq., the The personal property of Mr. Dickens is sworn under £80,000. The will is written in blue ink, and occupies a whole sheet of ordinary letter paper.

If the whole aim and object of existence s to make money, regardless of how or where one lives, then doubtless a man does far better to come here than remain in cold, sterile New England. True, it is not every one who makes a fortune here. "The poor ye have always with you," is not less true here and now than when and where it was spoken, as also, as everybody knows, there make money some how, even if pent up in a To speak in general terms, a poor man with a large family to support, can do it more paily here than there, because in this com paratively privitive state of society the style of living is such that what are deemed es-sentials to comfort there are decided lugarries here and not to be thought of.

ries here and not to be thought of. The staples which go to surfain life are usually raised here in such profusion that bread is always plenty to put in the children's mouths and though it may often lack the butter, sorghum is cheap and eminently respectable. A young man with small capital cannot perhaps do better than to invest, it here; but let the middle aged man who has a good home and surroundings in one of our Eastern States, and can afford to stay there, think twice before he throws it aside for a chance twice before he throws it aside for a chance here. New England society, privileges, and comforts are yet a long ways in the future here, and many of them, for insuperable reasons, some distance farther off than the mil like his old home. He must resign himself to things as they are, and wait patiently the slow mending of matters. Many who come here have never looked at the subject in that light, and their disappointment and home-sickness are consequently great. About half the people one meets here have come for the avowed purpose of making money enough to enable them to live comfortably elsewhere,

and are staying, not from love of the country but to accomplish that end. Doubtless, however, the majority of them will become accuseful about 10 may be a specious roomy house, supplied with every convenience, it looks at first the height of herisarium for a whole family of may be a barbarism for a whole family of may be a dozen, to live, move, and have their being, through summer's fiery heat and winter's fierce winds, in a one-roomed, or at most a two roomed cabin, as are three fourths of establishments in this section. Yet as time passes on they become accustomed to it, and passes on they become accustomed to it, and compelled at first to live so far from the scarcity of means to do with and the price of both labor and lumber, they come by degrees to consider it all right, and men worth their thousands will go on in that style for year after year, because their neighbors do, and who wants to live better than other folks? Women will gravely tell you other folks? Women will gravely tell you that a large house is a great trouble, requi-ring so much work to keep it clean; in a one roomed house everything is so handy and a dirt floor is the very best to have, for

and a dirt floor is the very best to have, for it needs neither sweeping nor mopping. Indeed, speaking in general terms, if Eastern people would live and dress and deny them-selves as they do here, they might lay up money as rapidly, but who does it or wishes to? Since we have but one life to spend here, why not make the most of it, and crown it with comforts, instead of always starving the mind and body both, for the sake of the pocket. In all my rambles here I have not entered a half dozen houses that I have not entered a half dozen houses that I would think I could at all live in, and my notions of comfort are by no means too lofty for common use. We often hear complaints made of people who do not live within their means, but there are more here within their means, but their means, and I often feel indignant for a family of children whose parents still cling to the cabin or "dugout when amply able to have a better home. is one of the curses of this money-getting country; but when you are with the Romans you are quite apt to do as the Romans do, especially when it is so advantageous to the pocket.—Kansas Correspondent Springfield (Many Republican.

The Mitrailleesc.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing from Metz, speaks as follows of the mitrailleuse, of whose effect recent despatches from Paris have mentioned in such glowing

As we returned to Metz we passed a bat-As we returned to Motz we passed a battery of the much talked of mitrailleuses coming in from the station. They had each a topauliu over them, but it was plain to ever one who had ever seen a mitrailleuse what they were. Besides the care taken to prevent any one from coming near them was sufficient to show that they were not common six pounder field-pieces. It is hardly necessary to tell your readers that the tremendous secret about these weapons is no secret at all, there being drawings of the Frenck weapons in every arsenal in Europe. It it besides well known that the French government has adopted a very inferior model to that chosen by the Belgian, Prussian and British governments. The Prussian and British governments. sian and British governments. The Prussians, to Thave a model of their own, which is superior to the French. All artillery officers are unanimous in declaring that matrailleuses will only be able to be used in trailleuses will only be able to be used in peculiar places and circumstances—in the breach of a fort, in a narrow defile, or in street-fighting. It is doubtless for this latter purpose that the French Government thinks they may want their present large stock. The range of the mitrailleuse being for inferior to that of the lightest field pieces, they would at once be silenced in the field.

The Way to Frighten Creptors.—
The Gaulois tells a story of a lady who preserves her beauty by plastering strawberries over her face every night, and washing them off the next morning. The fair creature has for some time past been annoyed by a troublesome creditor. The other day he called before her ladyship had arisen, and insisted on forcing his way into her bedroom to demand instant payment. "But foo's rush in where angels fear to tread." He had no sconer got into the room than his fair creditor cried out, "My dear Mr. Dun, how could you be so imprudent as to approach a person suffering from small pox! Look at my poor face!" The creditor gave a shrick, darted out of the room and has not since been heard from. THE WAY TO FRIGHTEN CREDITORS.

The North-Carolina Troubles.

Gradually the truth is leaking out in re gard to affairs in the counties of North-Carolina put under martial law by Governor Holden. The district is in a state quite as bad as has been represented, and murders and robberies are committed to an alarming extent. The government at Washington has taken pains to inquire into the matter, and the War Department has, at the solici-tation of the Governor, stationed troops at tation of the Governor, stationed troops at the capitals of the principal counties in a state of insurrection. But the troops are nearly powerless to stay the depredations which are committed mostly in the night, as they have to await the tardy call of the civil authorities, many of whom yield but a reluctant assistance in putting down vio-lence and restoring peace. To aggravate matters, it is said that Col. Kirk, in his zeal to arrest and punish offenders, has committo arrest and punish offenders, ted unnecessary excesses, while the courts afford but partial assistance to the military. There seems to be no doubt that some of the "oldest and most respectable citizens," as they are called, have instigated, if not openly assisted in the murders and robberies which are of almost nightly occurrence, pro-ducing a feeling of inscurity among loyal citizens that is terrible to endure, and often

citizens that is terrible to endure, and often drives them from their homes to spend the night in concealment in the woods. The respectability of the citizens who lend their support to these outrages is of the same kind as that which committed the massacre at Fort Pillow and concocted the horrars at Anderscaville. Jeff Dayis and co traited but neither their ago not their respectability made them any the more worthy of confidence, or the less guilty of seeking to destroy the Union. This same kind of age and respectability is at work in North Carolina, just now, for the purpose of making trouble for "radicals," "carpet-baggers," and "scallawags," in the hope of securing

and "scallawags," in the hope of securing sympathy and political support at the hands of the Northern Democracy, which are thus far freely bestowed, under the shallow pretence that Governor Holden is only seeking an excuse for controlling the approaching

the anti-rent riots, he did it for political purposes! The Democrats have themselves become so much in the habit of doing everything with some partizan end in view that it is impossible for them to conceive of any one's being controlled by any other motive. — Utica (N. Y.) Herald, Aug. 12.

The Needle Gun.

A WRITER in the Chicago Tribune gives his description of the Prussian needle gun, which is playing an important part in the present battles in Europe:

1. The range of the 1,200 to 1,400 yards. 2. The movements of loading are excuted with the right hand, as follows: An upward stroke with the palm of the right hand against the chamber knob opens the breech, the cartrige is inserted into the cavity of the barrel, a push forward and a downward stroke of the chamber knob with the right hand close the breech, and another push on the needle chamber (with its spring) com-pletes the loading, and the rifle is ready for "fire." During the movement the gui 3. The gun is never loaded or

4. The powder is not ignited at the rear end of the cartridge, but next to the ball, where the igniting matter is placed in a kind of stocket of papier mache, and this is what gives more power to the ball, the powder burning from the front to the rear' 5. The cartridge is made up—ball in front, ball socket with igniting matter, powder. The shape of the ball resembles the shape of cucumber, and is called long lead (lang

or otherwise become useless, a new one can be inserted in less than five seconds. Each

It is not so much the superiority of the needle gun over other breech loaders which has secured, and in all probability will in the present strugte secure success to the Prussian army, as it is the thorough education of

sian army, as it is the thorough education of each individual soldier and his perfect fam illiarity with his weapon.

The needle gun was first used in Prussia in 1848 and 1849, in Baden and Schleswig, and not having been deemed effective with-out an entire change of tactics, and especially of skirmish instruction, was almost con-

The Prussian army has but one calibre for all small arms, so that infantry or sharp-shooters can be supplied with cartridges from any cavalry pistol or carbine cartridge

JIM FISK AS A MORMON.—James Fisk, Jr., is famous for his superabundant affection for the opposite sex; an affection, it is said, more remarkable tor miscellaneousness than the said of th discrimination. He never loses an opportunity to display himself in public, and rarely unaccompanied by a woman. He almost always introduces his fair friends as his wife, and has so confounded his acquain tances by presenting half a dozen women of a very different pattern under the title that a very different pattern under the title that they have a good deal of curiosity to learn who the real Mrs. Fisk is. She has of late appeared with a stunning turnout at Cape May, Lodg Branch, Saratoga and Newport simultaneously, thereby increasing the be-wilderment that is felt on the subject. One of Fisk's boon companions was introduced by him the other day to a hitherto unseen Mrs. Fisk, with the stereotyped remark: "Permit me to present my wife." "Is this the real Mrs. Fisk, Jim?" was the inquiry; the genuine—no mistake—simonpure ar-ticle?" "Of course it is. Do you suppose I would introduce any lady as my wife who was anything else?" "Perhaps I shouldn't; but as you have told me in the last three months that at least eight or nine women (not looking any more alike than a railway train looks like a canal boat,) were each and all of them Mrs. Fisk, I've come to the con-clusion, old boy, that this wife business is about played out." "You talk like a foct." "And you act like a Mormon." So the mer

separated. - Cincinnati Times. THE YANKEE'S BEY.— Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to day, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant

in St. Louis.
"I reckon you calculate about right, for "I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't no way."

"Waal, I guess you needn't git huffy about it, you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Waal, neow, look here, Square, I'll bet you five dollars, that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll hev a trade

"Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money. "Now," says he, chaffingly, I'll give you a sixpence for the strops."

"They're yourn!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes. "But," continued he after a little reflection, and with a burst of trankness, "I calculate a jokes a joke; and if you don't want the strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant looked brighter.

"You're not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

the money."
"There it is," said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back the six-pence. "A trade is a trade, and a bet is a bet. Next time you trade with that 'cre sixpence, don't you buy razor strops."

Cnors.—We have just got home, after having traveled through every township in the county. We noticed in every locality, as we passed along, the unusual prospect in the growing crops, and the cheerfulness of the husbandman as he was working his corn and gathering his small grain to his barns, or securing it in stack. Plenty seemed to stare us in the face wherever we went. Plenty ty of growing corn; plenty of wheat, plenty of rye, plenty of potatoes; abundance of hay and oats. In short, it seems that, 'Lot us have peace and plenty,' is the motto of every framer.—Jefferson Times.

On analysis, together that is a statesman, rendered and truthfulness as a statesman, rendered him in the eyes of the whole country the proper historian of the events in which he proper historian of the events

Association-Correspondence August, 9th, 1870.

Dear Sir :- Beulah Association has agreed meet this week in Yanceyville. The oderator has announced that "confusion and alarm " will prevent the meeting.

I do not believe that you will allow your officers to disturb those who meet to wor ship God, and I am sure that all members of Beulah association desire to obey the laws of the land. I therefore ask you, with respectful confidence, for some assurance that the meeting may be held in peace. Such an assurance will promote harmony in the

State, and gratify many of your personal friends, and among them
Your humble servant,
J. H. Mills.
Editor Biblical Recorder.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Raleigh, August 9th, 1870. Rev. J. H. Mills, Editor Biblical Recorder : DEAR SIR: Your letter of this date, staing that "the Moderator has announced that confusion and alarm will prevent the meeting" of the Beulah Association in

the members of the Association to meet in a village occupied by troops and under martial law; but I have no ides that the meet the free members of the meet the free members will give the amplest protection to the Association, if such protection should be necessary. My confidence in Col. Kirk is such that I do not deem it necessary. sary to give him any special instructions on the subject; yet, in response to your sug-gestion, and to put the minds of the mem bers of the Association entirely at ease on the subject, I will write to Col. Kirk and nstruct him to see to it that the Association is respected and protected in its delibera-tions. There are few persons in the State

who have more reverence for the Christian religion than Col. Kirk, and I am sure be will not be wanting in efforts to render the election by the use of the military. According to Democratic preaching, when Silas Wright put the State of Delaware, in our own State, under martial law, because of meeting of the Association as agreeable as it can be under the circumstances. Very respectfully, W. W. HOLDEN,

> Brilliant Descriptions of the Battles of Last Week.

The Prussians adopted a strategy almost identical with the French, but with the same boldness which resulted for them so fortunately at Sadowa they allowed their two converging armies to disregard any connection with each other, and moved up at once to attack the French at the two points upon which the Emperor had apparently designed to make the attack himself. The first movement was a Prussian raid upon the railway by which McMahon commu nicated with the French centre and left. The next was 'he affair at Saarbruck last Tuesday, when General Frossard seized the railway connecting the forces of the Crown Prince with the Prussian centre and right, That no attempt had been made to defend this line, and no anxiety was manifested to recover it, showed that the Crown Prince was confident in his own strength to conduct an independent campaign. Marshal McMahon, meanwhile, had moved down

quarters at Hagenau, while two of his di-visions occupied the fortified town of Weis-enburg, situated directly on the frontier at the foot of the east spur of the Vosges. As he was reinforced during the recent battle by portions of Canrobert's corps from so far back as Chalons, it is probable that the troops had already been ordered to join him in view of an immediate advance.

Thus at the beginning of the great battle

which raged from Thursday until Saturday night, we find McMahon, with a powerful ns rear. On Thursday the Crown Prince, mis rear. On the Bifth and Eleventh Prussian corps and a corps of Bavariaus, fell upon McMahon's front, carried Weissenburg y assault, carried the heights of Geisbur n the rear, drove in the two advanced di visions, and moved several miles into the French lines, tearing up the road in the direction of Hagenau, and compelling McMa-hon to move harriedly to the left and con centrate in the neighborhood of Bitche. By this brilliant operation the angle of the French lines was driven in, and not only was

McMahon's position turned, but the Crown Prince threatened to take the whole French right and centre in flank and rear and roll them up. Both parties during the night concentrated for a decisive battle. McMa-hon drew five divisions from General de Failly's Fifth corps at Bitche, and the next McMahon's position turned, but the Crown morning, with a force reported by the French at 150,000 made a furious attack at Worth, a little village a few miles northwest of Hagenau. The battle lasted until nightfall, Hagenau. The battle lasted until inguitall, was resumed on Saturday, and ended late in the afternoon with a complete Prussian victory. Four thousand prisoners, thirty guns, six of the famous mitrailleuses, and two standards, were among their captures, and Sunday beheld the greatest of French Mar-shals in full retreat across the Vosges, striv-

ing to recover his connection with the main body of the army, and at the same time to cover the important city of Nancy. Simultaneously with MacMahou's attack at Worth, on Friday morning. Gen. Frosat Worth, on Friday morning. Gen. Frossard attempted a forward movement from Saarbuck with the Second corps, but was at once assaulted by a portion of the Prussian centre, under Steinnact, and after a sharp engagement, with heavy losses on both sides, was defeated almost as signally as his comrade on the right. Thus, with the right wing turned and cut off, the centre driven in, and the rear in imminent danger of attack, the entire French army was, and perhaps is, in a most critical situation. For two days McMahon was entirely unable to communicate with headquarters. The Emperor had no choice but to fall back and swing his line around toward Nancy, so that now, supposing this manœuvre to have been successfully executed, he is nearly perpendic ular to its former position. The Prussians on their part are pressing forward their right was moved from Treves toward Saarbruck, and is close up with the centre, ready was moved from Trees and is close up with the centre, ready for a movement southward along the western slope of the Vosges to intercept MacMahon, while the Grown Prince is still in the center Frenchmen's rear, and the troops of

Baden are pouring across the river into the valley from which McMahon has just been lriven .- New York Tribune. Character, Conduct and Results," by Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, is the title a

valuable wrok just issued by THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Five years have clapsed since the close of the bloodiest and most gigantic war known to modern history, and in that interval men quick succession that reflection was impos-sible; and as a natural consequence each section has manifested a great desire to hear what the other has to say of its motives and conduct in the great struggle. This has led to the production of numerous histories and narratives on the Northern side, but

until recently no authentic or really meritorious history had appeared on the side of the South. The demand for such a work was kneely felt, and there was a very general feeling of authentic or proposed the outkneely felt, and there was a very general feeling of satisfaction experienced throughout the country, when, three years ago, it was annouced that the Hon. A. H. STEPHEKS, the Vice-President of the late Southern Confederacy, was about to issue a history of "The War Between the States." The promise then made is now fulfilled in the second and concluding volume of his great history, which lies before us.

which lies before us.

Mr. Stephens was for many years a promi Mr. Stephens was for many years a promi-nent actor in the scenes of legislation, which immediately preceded the war, and knows much of the secret history of those stirring events which percipitated the great strug-gle between us. The character of his mind, his habits of thought, and splendid powers of analysis, together with his great honesty and truthfulness as a statesman, rendered him in the ayes of the whole country the

health, he brought to the preparation of this work, was remarkable, and has resulted in the production of the best history of the war we have yet seen, and the only South ern history of real merit that has yet u,

The history of the earlier days of the Con ederate Government, and particularly that a "Provisional Government," is given to the world for the first time in those pages. Mr. Sternans took part in the Provisional Con-gress, as a elegate from Georgia, and was en-trusted with many important duties. He statements concerning these affairs are at great value. His narrative of the Conference between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners at Hapmon Roads, is the fullest and most valuable yet Roads, is the fullest and most valuable yet given to the public. Mr. Stephens was the principal negotiator on the Southern side in these proceedings, in the history of which the people of the whole country are so deeply interested. The vexed question of the non-exchange of prisoners of war is laid bare before the reader, and the peace movements in the South are thoroughly explained.

The present volume is a narration of the events of the war, and is as graphic and entertaining as a romance, while possessing all the higher qualities of a veracious history. It will be certain to find its way into the

Indian Horrors-Sinews of White Mer Drawn out for Bowstrings. From the Plains correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette we take the following

horrible story :
The Indian depredations continue along the border, and every day brings a new hor ror, the mere recital of which makes the blood run cold. A few days ago three men, Dr. Bard, Harvey Morgan, and a Mr. Mason, while on their way from South Pass City to Wind River, thirty-five miles distant, were attacked and killed by Arrapahoe and Sioux

The struggle must have been a desperate sold their lives as dearly as possible, pool-of blood and pieces of clothing being found in various places where the Indians had ta-ken refuge behind the hills. Under the wagons were found a large number of ex ploded shells of fixed ammunition, which had been exploded by the white men, and two pools of blood, showing that they fought

after being wounded. When found, the bodies were all stripped and horribly mutilated. One of the f wheels rested on the breast of Dr. Band, where he had been put by the Indians and scalped alive. His writhing and strugglehad torn up the sod, showing that he had been held under the wheel some time before death ensued. Morgan lay near the wagon stark naked and scalped. The hammer of the wagon had been taken out and the han dle driven into his temple up to the shall completely pinning the head to the ground. It could not be drawn out, so firmly was it imbedded in the skull bones, and it had to be buried with him. His thighs and back were cut open, and the sinews taken out for bow strings Mr. Mason had an iron roi three feet long forced in his person, and his legs cut open to the bone, and the sinews committed on their persons too relate. As soon as the news r relate. As soon as the news reached the United States camp, Col. Bartlett sent out Licutenant Scott, with thirty infantry men in a wagon, who brought in the bodies and buried them at Popoiage.

Josh Billings' Pepper Pods.

If you hev got a spirited and noble boy, appeal tew his generosity; if ya hev got a knowledge, like charity, shud begin at home then spired. home, then spred.

Afflictions are the compliments that Heaven pay tew the virtewous.

Noboddy but a phool will spend hiz time trieing tew convince a phool. Time iz like money, the less we hav ov it

tew spare the further we make it go.

The tongue iz really a verry fast member
ov the body politick; he duz all the talking and two thirds ov the thinking. There iz many persons who kan set a mouse-trap tew perfeckshum, but, not satisfied with sich small game, under take tew trap for bears, and git ketdehed by the bears. Moral—studdy yure genius, and stick tew wice.

mice.

"Let him go, mi son," sed an ancient father to hiz boy, who had caught a yung rabbit, "and when he gits bigger ketch him again." The boy did az he wuz told, and haz been lookin for that rabit ever since. The world owes all its energy and inement tew luxurys—digging roots finement tew luxurys—digging roots fur breakfast and going naked for clothes, iz the virtewous innocence of a lazy savage.
There iz lots ov folks who cat well, and

drink well and sleep woll, and yet are sick all the time—these are the folks that always enjoy poor health.

A person with a little smattering ov learning, is a good deal like a hen's egg, that haz been sot on for a short time, and then have been so to go a short time. leserted by the hen-it is spilte for hatching

"People ov good sense," are those whose opinyuns agree with ours.

There iz a grate deal of magnificent pov erty in our big citys—people who eat klam soup out ov a tin basin with a gold spoon. The place whar poverty, virtew and luv meet and worship together, iz the most sakred spot in the universe

Experience don't make a man so bold az t duz so careful. Pride never forgets itself, never haz a play spell or frolike; it iz stiff from morning til night, from top to bottom, like a sled stake There aint but very little ginowine good ense in this would cunyhow, and what it

tle thar iz aint in market—it is held for dividend.

Thoze who hey made up there minds to lead a life of enjoyment will find the follow-ing recipes a grate help tew them: Tew one once of plezure add a pound ov repen-

Adversity iz a poultess which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtew—even a boy never feels half az good az when he haz been spanking and sot away tow cool.

Pedantry iz the science ov investing what little yu know in one kind ov perfamery, and insisting upon sticking that under every man's knoz whom yu meet.

Lieing is like trieing tew hide in a fog, if yu move about yure in danger uy bumping

yu move about yure in danger uv bumping yure hed agin the truth, and az soon az the fog blows oph you are gone emphow.

Marrying an angel iz the poetry of marriage, but living with her iz the proze, and this is all well cauff if the taste ov the poetry blow the prozents. poetry hain't spilt our relish for the proze.

The man who lives on hope must pick the bones ov disappointment.

The devil iz sed to be the father ov lies. If this iz so, he haz got a large family and a grate menny promising children amoung them.

Two or three days since we had a report that certain prisoners taken by the North Carolina militia had been subjected to torture in order to make them confess their connection with the Kuklux It now appears that this report was a sheer inven tion, possessing no truth whatever. It eame from the Raleigh agent, of whose untrust worthiness we have already spoken, and is a further proof that upon this subject he is utterly unreliable.—Albany Journal.

Some time since a gentleman died wind, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two, or three weeks after his demise his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as follows:
"Dear wife, I now believe. Please send name my thin clothes and a barrel of ice water,"

Sampson Honeycutt, Jr., of Yancry County, was drowned a few days ago in the Cancy River, five miles from Burnsville.